

WINTER,⁴

A

P O E M.

With large Additions and Amendments.

By *JAMES THOMSON.*

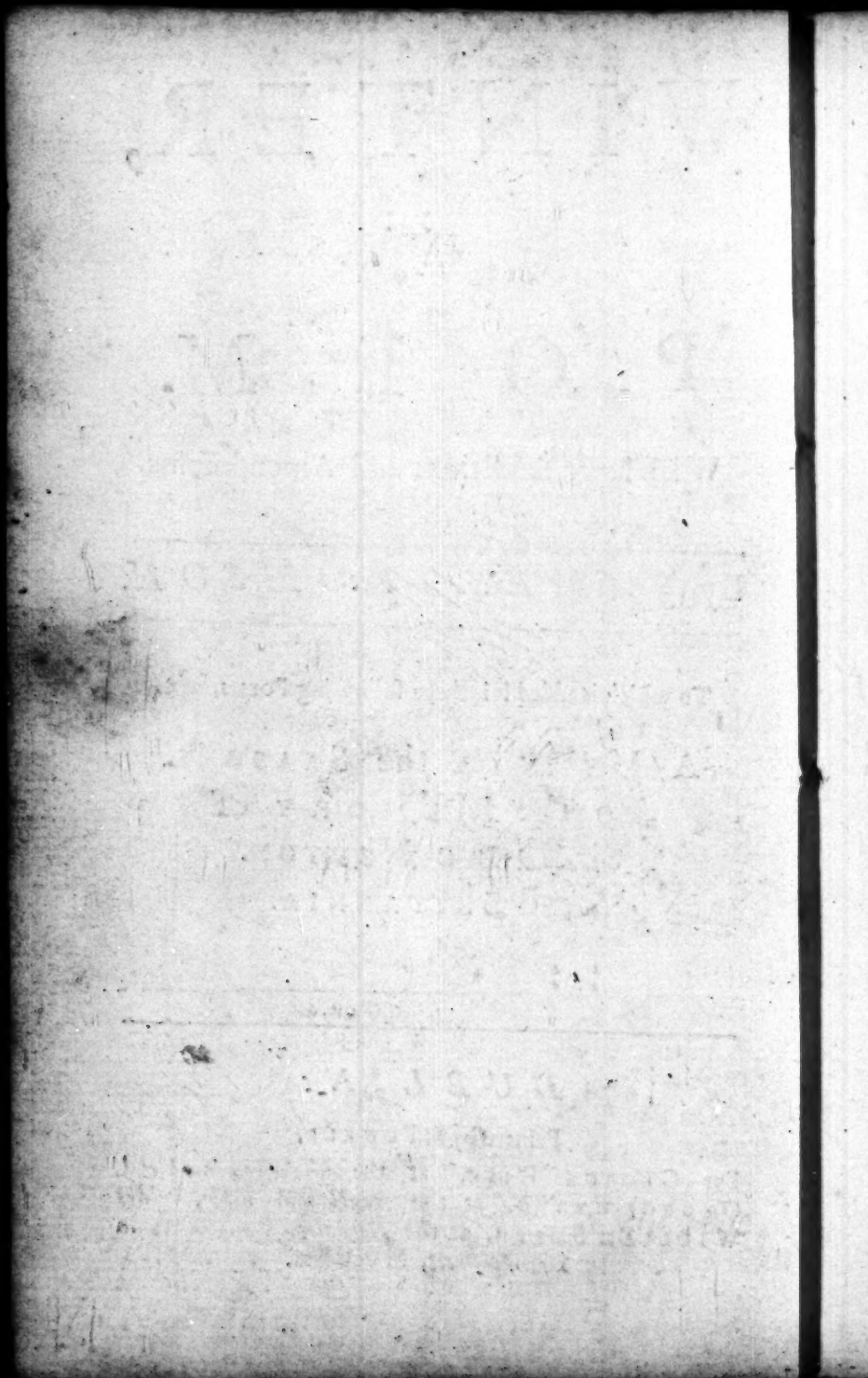
To which is added His three following POEMS, viz.

A HYMN on the SEASONS:
To the MEMORY of
Sir ISAAC NEWTON.
And BRITANNIA.

D U B L I N :

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WINTER.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the

L^D. WILMINGTON.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to Lord WILMINGTON.

First approach of WINTER. According to the natural order of the season, various storms described. Rain.

Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them. A short digression into RUSSIA.

The Wolves in ITALY. A winter-evening described, as spent by philosophers; by the country-people; in the city. Frost. Its effect, within the polar circle. A thaw.

The whole concluding with philosophical reflections on a future state.

W I N-



WINTER.



EE *Winter* comes, to rule the varied
year,

Sullen, and sad, with all his rising
train,

Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be
these my theme,

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless *Solitude* I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;

Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the red evening-sky. Thus pals'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The muse, O *Wilmington*! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving *Year*:
 Skim'd the gay *Spring*; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the *Summer*-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er *Autumn* with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 For thee the graces smooth; thy softer thoughts 30
 The Muses tune; nor art thou skill'd alone
 In awful schemes, the management of states,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness; sound integrity;

W I N T E R.

7

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, 35
 Amid a sliding age; and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
 A steady spirit, regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; and, the publick hope 40
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When *Scorpio* gives to *Capricorn* the sway,
 And fierce *Aquarius* fouls th' inverted year;
 Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun 45
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as at dull distance seen,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky; 50
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast, 55
 Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven

A 4

Involve

Involve the face of things. Thus *Winter* falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' nature shedding influence malign, 60
 And rouses all the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with horrid views. The cattle droop
 The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks, 65
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook, 70
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
 Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile; 75
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods;
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unfightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up 80

The

W I N T E R.

9

The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return, 85
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household, feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock with all his female train,
 Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain 90
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd, 95
 And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along,
 Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
 From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far: 100
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
 Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts a way,

Where

Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 105
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose continual hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul! 110
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye subtil beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd, 115
 Against the day of tempest perilous?
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds 120
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her sully'd orb.
 The Stars obtuse emit a shivering ray; 125

Snatch'd

Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, screaming wild,
The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, 130
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,
And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air
O'eturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust 135
Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.
Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds, 140
And in broad billows rowling gather'd seas,
Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the Winds athwart the howling waste
Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave 145
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The full-blown *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath

Of

Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course, 150
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or sand insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,
 To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff, 155
 Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,
 Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast, 160
 The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's 165
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs,
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base. 170
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.

Then

Then too, they say, tho' all the burthen'd air
Lòng groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night, 175
Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death,

Huge *Uproar* lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels. Till nature's *King*, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone, 180
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight waste. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom. 185
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside. 190

And now, ye lying Vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexa-

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man, 195

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,

With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

Father of light, and life! thou Good supreme!

O teach me what is good! teach me thy self! 200

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit! and feed my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests come: and fuming dun 205

From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;

And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm. 210

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,

With a continual flow. Sudden the fields

Put on their winter-robe, of purest white. 215

'Tis

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill, 220
Is one wild, dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 225
That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
His annual visit pays. New to the dome 230
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm Hearth, and hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling *Family* eskance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 235
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset

By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 240
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 245
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains, 250
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce, 255
 All winter drives along the darken'd air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 260
 Of

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the white abrupt ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray :
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 265
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, that fancy teign'd 270
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the tract, and blest abode of man :
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And ev'ry tempest, howling o'er his head, 275
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless boggs ; of precipices huge, 280
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen eye,
 In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks . . . 285
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots .
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. . . . 290
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling rack, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! . . . 295
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, . . . 300
 Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; . . . 305
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel this very moment, death

And

And all the sad variety or pain,
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 310
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 315
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the fordid hut
 Of chearless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 320
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rackt with honest passions, droop 325
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
~~Like wailing pensive shepherds mourning their~~
 And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, 330
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,

Vice in his high career wou'd stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm, 335
 And his wide wish Benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual blifs,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous few, 340
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive fought
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;
 Where Sicknefs pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice. 345
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe; 350
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways, 355
 That

That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 Hail patriot-band! who, scorning secret scorn,
 When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,
 Dragg'd the detected monsters into light,
 Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod, 560
 And bade the cruel feel the pains they gave.
 Yet stop not here; let all the land rejoice,
 And make the blessing unconfin'd, as great.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd. 365
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 Oh glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right. 370

Yet more outrageous is the season still,
 A deeper horror, in *Siberian* wilds;
 Where winter keeps his unrejoicing court;
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard. 375
 There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow,
 Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,

With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd and sower as the Storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow ; 380
 And, scorning the complainings of distress,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want,
 While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,
 On sleds reclin'd, the furry *Russian* sits ;
 And, by his rein-deer drawn, behind him throws 385
 A shining kingdom in a winter's day.

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,
 Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows ;
 Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,
 And from the leaning rock, on either side, 390
 Gush out those streams that classic long renowns :
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend ;
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along, 395
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away. 400

Rapacious.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whole bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze, 405
 Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig 410
 The shrowded body from the tomb; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of *Winter*, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat, 415
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
 To chase the cheerless gloom. There let me sit, 420
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
 Sages of antient time, as Gods rever'd,
 As Gods beneficent, who blest mankind

With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside 425
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes.— First *Socrates*,
 Whose simple question to the folded heart
 Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought 430
 Evolv'd the secret truth—a god-like man!
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base. *Lycurgus* then,
 Severely good; and him of rugged *Rome*,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons. 435
Cimon sweet-soul'd, and *Aristides* just;
 With that attemper'd * Hero, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled,
 Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme,
Scipio, the human warrior, gently brave; 440
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,
 With friendship, and philotophy, retir'd,

* *Timoleon*.

And

And equal to the best, the * *Theban* twain,
 Who, single rais'd their country into fame. 445
 Thousands behind, the boast of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 But see who yonder comes! in sober state, 459
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis *Phœbus* felt, or else the *Mantuan* swain!
 Great *Homer* too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The *British* muse; join'd hand in hand they walk, 459
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,
 Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch
 Shakes every passion from the various string;
 Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene. 460

First of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

* *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*;

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 465
 Save *Lycidas* the friend, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the muses' hill will *Pope* descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile, 470
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For tho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song,

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn, 475
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
 With them would search, if this unbounded frame
 Of nature rose from unproductive night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' *eternal Cause*,
 Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end. 480
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would gradual open on our opening minds;
 And each diffusive harmony unite,
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
 Thence would we plunge into the moral world; 485
 Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all

In universal good. Historic truth
 Should next conduct thro' the deeps of time: 490
 Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd, 495
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity; that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress 500
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope, 505
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world, 510
 And when with these the serious soul is toil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes

Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,
 Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense 515
 Into the mind, unbounded without space:
 The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,
 Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;
 Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,
 Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 520

Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake 525
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep; 530
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The publick haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse, 535
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace, 540
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.
 Rises the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes, 545
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks;
Othello rages; poor *Monimia* mourns; 550
 And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.
 Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the *comic Muse*
 Holds to the world the picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh. 555

Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds 560
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool, 565
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtless eye
 In desolation seen. The vacant glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul, 570
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze, 575
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,

Whom

Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen, 580
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth and ether ? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the still rage of *Winter* deep suffus'd, 585
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank 590
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole detrudded river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects 595
 A double noise ; while, at his evening-watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the many sounding plain 600
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

Shine

Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls, 605
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes nature fast, it freezes on;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night: 610
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd; 615
 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread 620
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends. 625

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest, 625
 Fond

Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view
 The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake
 And long canal the cerule plain extend
 The city pours her thousands, swarming all,
 From every quarter : and, with him who slides ; 630
 Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,
 In circling poise ; or else disorder'd falls,
 His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,
 While the laugh rages round ; from end to end,
 Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene. 635

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon ;
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
 The mountain still his azure glofs maintains, 640
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray ;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,
 Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around, 645
 Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed; or the feather'd game.

650

But what is this? these infant tempests what?

The mockery of *Winter*: should our eye

Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone;

Where more than half the joyless year is night;

And, failing gradual, life at last goes out.

655

There undissolving, from the first of time,

Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;

And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,

Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,

Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.

660

Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,

Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,

As if old Chaos was again return'd,

Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil,

Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,

665

And into various shapes (as fancy leans)

Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,

Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome

Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beasts, and men;

Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns,

670

The restless deep itself cannot resist

The

W I N T E R.

35

The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse, 675
 Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun; 680
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * *Briton's* fate,
 As with first prow, (What have not *Britons* dar'd !)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since 685
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew, 690
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

* Sir *Hugh Willoughby* sent by *Queen Elizabeth* to discover the north-east passage.

Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live;
 And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun, 695
 (That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)
 Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.
 Deep t'orm the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Lie the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song, 700
 Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till long-expected morning looks at length
 Faint on their fields (Where *Winter* reigns alone)
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase. 705

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice
 Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,
 Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends;
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell, 710
 Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain

Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas, 715
 That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave——
 And bark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts, 720
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,
 That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks 725
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage, 730
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
 And his unweildy train, in horrid sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 735
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet *Providence*, that ever-waking eye,

Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

740

'Tis done! --- dread *Winter* has subdu'd the year,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the desert plains.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

745

His solitary empire. Here, fond man!

Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,

Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer's* ardent strength,

Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age,

And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,

750

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

754

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! *Virtue* alone survives,

Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,

His guide to happiness on high. — And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

760

Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In

In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole 765
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that *Power*,
 And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause, 770
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while Luxury, 775
 In palaces, lay prompting his low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe, 780
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,
 And what you reckon evil is no more;
 The storms of *Wintry time* will quickly pass, 785
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

The END.



A
H Y M N
On the SEASONS.



THESE, as they change, *Almighty*
Father! these,

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling
Year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing
Spring

Thy Beauty walks, thy *Tenderness* and Love.

Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;

Echo the mountains round the forests live;

And

And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy Glory in the *Summer*-months,
 With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy Sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year. 10
 And oft thy voice in awful Thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines
 In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap, 15
 Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower
 Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,
 Into the stores of sterile *Winter* pours.
 In *Winter* dreadful *Thou*! with clouds and storms
 Around *Thee* thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd, 20
 Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, *Thou* bid'st the world below,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train, 25
 Yet so harmonious mixt, so fitly join'd,
 One following one in such enchanting sort,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming such a perfect whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. 30

But

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks *Thee* not, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring*; 35
 Flings from the sun direct the *flaming Day*;
Feeds every creature; hurls the *Tempest* forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend; join every living soul, 40
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and ardent, raise
 An universal *Hymn*! to *Him*, ye gales,
 Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
 Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms! 45
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown void with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. 50
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

A HYMN.

43

Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main, 55
 A secret world of wonders in thy self
 Sound his tremendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to *Him*; whose sun elates, 60
 Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to *Him*:
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep 65
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy creator, ever darting wide, 70
 From world to world the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam his praise:
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, 75
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns;

And

And yet again the golden age returns.
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;
 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet *philomela*, charm
 The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour, 85
 Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note;
 That night, as well as day may vouch his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
 Crown the great *Hymn*! in swarming cities vast, 90
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 To find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the *God of Seasons*, as they roll. 100
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether

Whether the *Blossom* blows, the *Summer-Ray*,
 Ruffles the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;
 Or *Winter* rises in the reddening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more, 105
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes;
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam 110
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;
 Since *God* is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste, as in the city full;
 Rolls the same kindred *Seasons* round the world;
 In all apparent, wise, and good in all; 115
 Since *He* sustains, and animates the whole;
 From seeming evil still educes good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression.— But I lose
 My self in *Him*, in light ineffable! 120
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

The End.



A

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

SR. ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Robert Walpole.



HALL the great soul of *Newton*
quit this earth,

To mingle with his stars; and every
muse,

Astonish'd into silence, shun the
weight

Of honours due to his illustrious name?

But

But what can man?--- Even now the sons of light 5
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire 10
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from *Motion's* simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of *Providence*, 15
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the *Suns*,
And *Planets* to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring Man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,

And

And with heroic patience years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
 And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious! when instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
 Her every latent Glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*
 First gazing thro', he by the blended power
 Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolvé.
 From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*
 To cheer remoter planets numerous pour'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracks were seen.
 He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her every motion clear-discerning; He 50
 Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks;
 And the full river turning; till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue Infinite; and every *Star*,
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
 Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system: all combin'd, 65
 And rul'd unerring by that single power,
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground:

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
 O *Wisdom* truly perfect! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,

An universe compleat ! and O belov'd
 Of heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd
 The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
 The *Comet* thro' the long *Eliptic curve*,
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;
 Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
 And o'er the trembling nation's shakes dismay.

80

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule
 Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.
 The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
 To keep at odds with demonstration strong,
 And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When *Newton* rose, our philosophic sun.

85

90

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,

TIN

Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in.
 Nor could the darting *Beam*, of speed immense,
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95
 Even *Light it self*, which every thing displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
 And from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 Collecting every ray into his kind, 100
 To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 Of *Parent-Colours*. First the flaming *Red*
 Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *Orange* next;
 And next delicious *Yellow*; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*. 105
 Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
 While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
 Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.
 These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
 Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
 Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
 Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,

And myriads still remain ——— Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image ought so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook! 120
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*.

—— The noiseless *Tide of Time*, all bearing down 125
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stem'd alone; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought, 135
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What

What wonder thence that his *Devotion* swell'd
 Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
 The finish'd University of things, 140
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that *Power*
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
 All unwith-held, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 And panting for perfection: far above
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart, 155
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
 This, *Conduir*, from thy rural hours we hope;
Astro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours

Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk;
 The social passions smiling at thy heart,
 That glows with all the recollected sage,

169

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege
 Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air?

169

179

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound thro' the world——— "*'Tis done!*——— *The*
measure's full;

" *And I resign my charge.* Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worship'd name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast

175

While

While *Newton* lifts his column to the skies, 180
 Beyond the waste of time.——— Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 And Elegiac song. But *Newton* calls 185
 For other Notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O *Britain's* boast! whether with angels thou 190
 Sitteest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing.
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 195
 And grateful adoration; for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From *Light Himself*; Oh look with pity down
 On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 200
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
 And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,

Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.

For, tho' depriv'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,

And glories in thy name; she points thee out 205

To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:

While in expectance of the second life,

When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

The End.

B R I



B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.



S on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the
gale,

That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majestick brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.

Not

Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the Main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her dove-like wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen
 Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

Even not yon fail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,
 Dawns on the fight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
 Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless line
 Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain War
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize; 25
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt? 30
 This

This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
 To generous *Britons* never known before?
 And fail'd my fleets for this; on *Indian* tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35
 The mockery of war! while hot disease,
 And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
 For action ardent; and amid the deep,
 Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rowling flood, 40
 Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
 And back the weeping war-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd
 Thus idly to review their native shore;
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
 The violated Merchant comes along;
 That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
 Hedrew, and sweat beneath Equator suns,
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
 Were once the *British* lyon heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,

Dares rouse to wrath the Masters of the Main ? 55
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoaky ruin ? and his guilty stores,
 Worn by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
 Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames* ?

There was a time (Oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven 65
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze,
 Gaily the splendid Armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam;
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream 70
 Of easy conquest; while their bloated war,
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
 Of ages held in its capacious womb.
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste, The bolts of fate

Resistless

Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from every promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm,
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast, 85
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

Such were the dawns of my liquid reign; 90
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*
 Aw'd angry nations with the *British* Name,
 Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm. 95
 Ah what must these immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts? these, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.
 Ah how with indignation must they burn? 100

(If

(If ought, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)
 With shame? with grief? to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
 For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
 And their veins bl: d thro' many a toiling age. 105

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!
 Fair *Peace*! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil 110
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling distils into the vernal glebe; 115
 Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
 When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120
 The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
 Oh, *Peace*! thou source, and soul of social life;
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence,

Science

Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 115
Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns; 130
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train. 135
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave? 140
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 145
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What

What would not *Peace!* the Patriot bear for thee?
 What painful patience? What incessant care?
 What mixt anxiety? What sleepless toil?
 Even from the rash protected what reproach? 150
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
 To human nature: but the better thou,
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable *War*; when ruffian force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state; 155
 Then the good easy man, whom reason rules;
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm,
 Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
 With sharp, and sudden check; th' astonish'd sons
 Of violence confounds; firm as his cause, 160
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
 His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. 165

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more
 Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
 The least beginning injury receives?
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?

Your

Your thunder wake? Your dearest life demand? 170
 What better cause, than when your country sees
 The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
 To keep your Trade intire, intire the force,
 And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch, 175
 Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
 By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Unconquerable still: let none escape, 180
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
 Is there the man, into the lyon's den
 Who dares intrude; to snatch his young away?
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbring terrors of a *British* Fleet? 185
 Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise!
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state
 At once their welfare and their duty know. 190
 This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
 The native power for which you were design'd
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state;

That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
 A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live, 195
 In these late times, this evening of mankind
 When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
 For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot 200
 Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
 As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power, 205
 Undangerous to the publick, ever prompt,
 By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell,
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore, 210
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.
 For should the sliding fabrick once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruins as it rolls along, 215
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph;
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies,

And

And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand Labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide 220
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its antient tract 225
Left a vile channel desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach 230
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain;
(Whence wond'ring fable trac'd him from the sky)
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year, 235
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her Princess sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust; 240
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;

With rapid wing her riches fled away;
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
 Of what she was; her Merchants scatter'd wide;
 Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more,

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair
 That manly soul of roſt, which ſtrings your nerves
 And your own proper happineſs creates! 250
 Oh let not the ſoft, penetrating plague
 Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
 With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
 Of Liberty; the high conception blaſt; 255
 The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
 Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
 For general good, crazing from the mind:
 While nought ſave narrow Selfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
 And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all 260
 Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt,
 Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
 Sapping the very frame of government,
 And life, a total diſſolution comes;

Sloth,

Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear, 267
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
 The human being almost quite extinct;
 And the whole state in broad Corruption sinks.
 Oh shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!
 And countless ages roll it far away 270
 From you, ye heaven-below'd! may Liberty,
 The light of life! the sun of human kind!
 Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow flame,
 Even where the keen depressive North descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers! 275
 While slavish Southern climates beam in vain,
 And may a publick spirit from the Throne,
 Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth
 Live o'er the land! the finer Arts inspire;
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head, 280
 Blow the fresh Breeze, bid Industry rejoice,
 And the rough Sons of lowest Labour smile.
 As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd West
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world. 285

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint

Four

Poor weak; the country claims our active aid;
 That let us roam; and where we find a spark
 Of publick virtue, blow it into flame.
 And now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet
 In awful senate; thither let us fly;
 Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
 In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside
 And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round.

This said; her fleeting form, and airy train,
 Sunk in the gale; and naught but ragged rocks
 Rush'd on the broken eye; and naught was heard
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

The E N D.



